THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] [No. 14.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum, payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 87.

MY correspondent, Florian, has the good fortune, sometimes, to attract and deserve the attention of the ladies; but as none of the honeyed sweets of life is entirely pure, he sometimes has the ill luck to incur censure from female lips. His late speculation on the superficial education, and frivolity of American women has excited some accomplished lady to exchange her needle for a crow quill to pierce his literary corselet. This is a most gallant encounter, not surpassed by any of the redoubtable feats of ancient chivalry; and I am happy to add, that the last who has entered the lists has saluted the adverse party not with *stern defiance, but with gentle courtesy.*

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

"For a delicate mind censure must always be an irksome and invidious task." Thus writes Florian. But I do contend, Mr. Saunter, that there are moments, when it is a very delightful task, or why does one, so sage and sentimental as Florian, exercise himself in it so repeatedly? At this time I indulge it as a very agreeable recreation, and I do make some pretensions to a delicate mind, although not to very extensive learning, wherein I cannot meet an *esprit* on equal terms; but, for the honour of my sex, I must observe, that your correspondent seems to attack us, as if he thought he possessed the exclusive privilege of finding fault. His first essay would have passed unnoticed, had not our witty Beatrice given it notoriety by some sprightly comments. His second, in the 85th number of your Lounger is undoubtedly a very respectable performance, but especially for the elegance of the style, and the deep knowledge therein displayed. Did he attack us in this way, because he had nothing else to do? Did he wish to confound us by his superior learning? Or did he wish to correct the errors of education at the age of twenty or thirty years? If the first motive prompted him to address you, he is excusable, and certainly was better employed, than he would have been at the gaming table or the drinking club. If the second, he certainly effected his purpose in a most *masterly style*, for my poor head, for one, was put into such a reel by his circumlocution, that, by the time I found out the subject of his essay, I was obliged to throw down the paper, and could not venture to take it up again, until I had entirely forgotten the long sentences of the exordium. If the third, most laudable of any, influenced him, I fear that he has undertaken an Herculean task, and one that his delicate mind may sink under.

Do not reject a good system of things, until you find one that is better, says one of the philosophers whom I have *studied*. To your correspondent, therefore, all American mothers look for some better method of education, than has hitherto been adopted in this country. We will give his system a fair trial, reserving the right of rejecting his plan, should it prove fallacious. Can mothers promise more? But, perhaps, this may be construed into a concession that our present system is as defective as the *flowery* Florian represents. I can, from experience, controvert his assertion.

The schools for female education in this city are certainly better than any on the continent, and by no means deficient in regularity and method. Young ladies are taught, at these public seminaries, all useful knowledge, and music and dancing are only considered as secondary accomplishments by their wise preceptors. Not so, however, by that world, in which they afterwards mingle. Tell me, Mr. Saunter, do you imagine, from your knowdledge of the young men in this city, that ladies are valued according to their mental acquirements? I can assure you that they are not, and I am very confident that they never will be, while men indulge themselves in expressions of contempt for one because she has a *bare elbow*, for another because she cannot *sing well;* for a third, because she *dances awkwardly;* for a fourth, because she never made a *good pun*, nor *smart repartee;* for another, because she talks too *loudly*, for others, because they are silent occasionally, and for many because they have never had a chance of being married. This, Mr. Saunter, is the groundwork of our levity, and this is what had led Florian to imagine, that French, music and dancing, are the only things which we learn. And why? Because he, like the rest of mankind, in our city, make them the *summum bonum* of a woman's merits.

Permit me, sir, through you, to ask your correspondent, whether he would not titter, among his companions, at her expense, if a woman made a Latin quotation, or spoke with enthusiasm of classical learning? Would he not think she was out of her proper sphere, and call her pedantic, if, when a sagacious beau, at a tea-party, ask her if she loved fish, she should mention a learned treatise she had just been reading, 'On the influence of the moon on tides'? Would a woman not be shunned as a 'curst bore,' by modern beaux, that should presume to parse their language by the rules of grammar? Would she not be deemed a wretched hypocrite, who would boldly assert, that she was fond of going to church, and had a high relish for reading the Bible?

If the men will reflect on these truths, they will not be surprised that we are diffident of our *learning*, and unwilling to display it before the gaudy butterflies of our time, who are so dazzled with their own *splendor* as to be incapable of seeing or relishing our modest lustre. These women, however, whose merit you and your correspondents are prone to depreciate, have more intrinsic worth than you are acquainted with. And, although at the tribunal of our own countrymen we stand impeached, yet foreigners, from all parts of the earth seek us, and proclaim that American women are the most amiable, correct, and domestic, that can be found. I hope, Mr. Saunter, that our young men will profit by these hints, and consider, that if any deserve reproach for our frivolity, it is neither our parents, preceptors, nor ourselves, but those alone who flutter around us with flattery on their tongues, and deceitfulness in their hearts. Should Florian be so fortunate as to marry, he will discover that learning is not the only requisite in the character of a wife. It can better be spared than various other charms in a woman, which are more happily calculated to 'assuage the bitterness of adverse fortune, and prolong our empire' when beauty shall have vanished. It is not necessary in order to be dutiful or affectionate wives, that we should have studied Demosthenes' Eloquence, or Cæsar's Commentaries, or that we should know that Ariosto was an Italian, and Madame de Sevigne could read and relish his beauties.

I know that Tacitus was born of an honourable family, in the first Christian century, in the reign of Nero. That he was made consul in the reign of Nerva; that he wrote annals of Tiberius, Caius, Claudius and Nero, and that of thirty books which he wrote, including twenty-seven years of Roman history, we have only sixteen of his annals, and five of his history, remainining. Now do you think this knowledge makes me a better wife than I should have been without it, or do you think my husband would agree that it 'could assuage the bitterness of adverse fortune'?

No, Mr. Saunter, the acquirements of the *head* need no reform, but the qualities of the *heart* must be improved; and I advise your correspondent to begin the work immediately. Tell him to write to us about good nature, charity, patience, resignation, and all the other Christian virtues: for these, be assured, will ensure to us and our associates more bright and tranquil happiness, than all the learning of the heathen philosophers, from the first to the present age. But I am expatiating perhaps too far. I beg you will pardon this length of address, and, perhaps, you may hear from me again.

M. G.

The apology, in the concluding sentence of this well reasoned and spirited letter, is wholly superfluous. Our correspondent has the art of being *prolix without tediousness, and general without confusion;* and while she continues thus powerfully to defend her sex, and thus brilliantly to adorn her mind, she will always be sure of the notice, not merely of S. Saunter, but of men of a superior cast to any of the Lounger family.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

"Impress it then well upon your minds, Athenians, that while they amuse you here with vain words, in reality all they desire is, that you remain idle at home, and disarmed abroad; that Philip, in the meantime, may accomplish, at his ease, all that is convenient to him. Judge of this by what happens at this time. He has occupied, for a long time, Thrace and Thessaly with numerous troops; if before the season of the Etesian winds, he besieges Byzantium, do you believe that the Byzantines persist in their prejudices against you to such a degree as not to feel the want of your assistance? Ah! if you fail them, they will invite into their walls auxiliaries, whoever they may be, even such as they will distrust more than you, rather than remain at the mercy of Philip, at least if he does not seize upon their city before any one can suspect it; and if we have not troops upon the spot, or if, when we wish to send them, the winds should resist us, there is no doubt to be made the Byzantines are undone.

"But these are a people misled by an evil genius, and their conduct towards us has been insensible—Aye, but these insensible people we must save, and save them for ourselves.

"Are we sure that Philip will not march into the Chersonesus? Has he not said in his letter, that he intended to take vengeance on that people? And is not this another reason for leaving an army, which we already have there, well formed, which is able to defend the country, and interrupt the enemy? If we lose this army, and Philip enters the Chersonesus, what shall we do then? We will impeach Diopithes. This will advance the cause surprisingly! We will send succours. But what if the sea is impassable? But Philip will not attack the Chersonesus. Who told you so? Who will be responsible for him?"

Behold here a model of precision, in hypothetic dialogue, one of the most pungent forms that can be given to discussion. But we must take a great care against a very dangerous inconvenience, into which those are apt to fall, who employ this instrument without knowing the principle and the effect of it. They feign to themselves feeble or silly objections, which are by no means such as have been or can be opposed to them; and, in such cases, this little artifice becomes puerile, and falls back upon them. When we make our adversaries speak, it is necessary to answer to their thoughts, and not to our own; to be very sure of what they can say, and very sure of our reply. In this place Demosthenes puts nothing into their mouths but what they had said, or what they were obliged to say, to avoid inconsistency. Three times he makes them speak, and three times he puts them down, with a single word. He goes on.

"Consider then, Athenians, at what time, and in what season of the year, they advise you to withdraw your troops from the Hellespont, and expose it, without defence, to the enterprises of Philip—What am I saying? Attend to another consideration, of quite a different importance. If on his return from the higher Thrace, he leaves on one side of him the Chersonesus and Byzantium, and attacks Chalcis and Megara, as in the last place the city of Oræa, had you rather be obliged to meet him upon your frontiers, than to find him employment at a distance?"

The orator, well established in the facts, which had explained, and in the consequences to be drawn from them, all which, thanks to the power of his logic, had been but an affair of a few moments, is not afraid to hazard an advice, which he knows very well is not to the taste of the greatest part of the Athenians; but he had reserved, for the support of it, the most powerful means, those drawn from the moral affections of a people whom he had well studied. He knew them sensible to disgrace, jealous of their reputation and of their knowledge, very prone to suffer themselves to be deceived by their negligence, but also very irascible against those whom they saw convicted of deceiving them. These are so many machines which the orator proceeds to employ to set in motion this indolent and inattentive multitude. He has made his evidence shine like lightning; he now proceeds to thunder with the truth: and you will see how a citizen speaks to a people. They had never an idea in Athens, nor in any other part of the world, of giving this title, the *people*, to a gang of robbers, a mob of highwaymen. These it is necessary to flatter. And it is natural that their abettors and accomplices should flatter them. These must be called, a people *essentially good*. This was the burden of the song of our tyrants. But Demosthenes knew, and so did the Athenians, that if men were essentially good, they would not have occasion for laws. He spoke to a real people, very susceptible of errors, of weakness, of prejudice; but who had a country, a religion, a morality, and social manners; and to whom, consequently, one might with impunity shew the truth, the naked truth, the severe and poignant truth, provided they were convinced of the sincerity and good intentions of the orator. Those who are not familiar with the ancients, and who know nothing but that base adulation, incessantly lavished, among us, upon the vilest rabble, that abject popularism, so improperly called popularity, will not be able to conceive the bold and vehement veracity of Demosthenes, those bitter and violent reproaches with which he salutes his fellow-citizens, to awaken and enlighten them; and they will be still more surprised at the reception of this discourse, and at the success which it obtained.

"After these facts and reflections, my opinion is, that so far from disbanding the army, which Diopithes struggles to maintain for the service of the republic, it is necessary, on the contrary, to furnish it with fresh troops, with money, and munitions. In fact, if it were demanded of Philip, which he would prefer, that the forces of Diopithes (of what quality soever they may be, I will dispute with no man concerning their character) should be authorised, honoured, reinforced by the people of Athens, or dispersed and destroyed by the malevolence of your orators, who can doubt that this last party would not be that which he would prefer. Thus the thing that our enemy would wish for the most, is precisely that which you wish to do. And will you again inquire, why our affairs go so ill? I will proceed, Athenians, to tell you, without equivocation. I will spread before your eyes the draft of your situation and your conduct. In two words, we will neither fight nor pay. We wish to draw to ourselves the public monies, we refuse to Diopithes those which were legally appropriated to him, and we cavil with him concerning those which he procures, and the use he makes of them. It is thus that we conduct ourselves in all things; it is thus that we persist in our inattention to our own affairs. We applaud, to be sure, as much as you will, those who raise their voices for the honour of the country; but in fact we act as if we were in concert with her enemies. You inquire of those who ascend this tribunal, what is to be done? And I will interrogate you in my turn, and ask of you what I shall say to you? For, I repeat it, if you will not serve the state neither with your persons nor your treasures; if you will neither transmit to Diopithes the funds which are due to him, nor permit him to provide himself elsewhere; in one word, if you will not transact your own business, Athenians, I have no counsels to give you. To what purpose, indeed, can any counsels serve when you permit the licence of calumny to proceed such lengths, as to pursue Diopithes not only for what he has done, but for what he will do? All this, Athenians, you hear with great patience! But you will say, tell us what will happen. Oh! that I can easily do, and that with all liberty; it is not, indeed, in me to speak otherwise.

[*To be Continued.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

[Few of the fugitive papers of literature can be more interesting than the life of Soame Jenyns, Esq. one of the politest writers of his time; a gallant defender of the citadel of Christianity; a strenuous supporter of limited monarchy; a most able and ingenious expositor of the less luminous passages in the sacred writings; a poet of great sprightliness and fancy, and a prose writer, whose elegantly easy style is pure, unalloyed English, from the mint of Addison. He is, in every sense of the word, a gentleman-like author. Of Shaftesbury it has been justly remarked, that he never could express any thing without the forma ity, stiffness, and pedantry of his profession. When he laughed it was like an author, and not like a man. On the contrary, in every page of Jenyns, you have occasion to admire his courtly accomplishments, and the urbanity of his style. He is always in his best array, and that is brocade. To every one, studious of the elegant and the dignified in composition, he may be indicated as the glass of fashion, and the mould of form. Above all, he is to be strenuously recommended for the admirable correctness of all his opinions respecting the government of a church, and the government of a state. Whatever may be the opinion of his biographer, who, it is believed, was a presbyterian, and who has done great injustice to the religious, moral, and political character of Mr. Jenyns, it is certain that few writers display more truth and rectitude of sentiment. His contempt for the populace, in which he has the honour to resemble Horace and Burke, his aversion to fanatics, his zeal for all the dignity, glory, and magnificence of government, his hatred of democracy, his scepticism towards the nauseous cant of civil liberty, and his abhorrence for the iniquitous delusions of spurious patriotism, are worthy of the highest praise. His reason and his wit are staunch to the standard of loyalty, and we listen with delight to the lofty and cavalier tone in which he speaks of the ignorance, absurdity, and mischievousness of those presumptuous and vulgar disturbers of the common comfort, who strive to shake the Corinthian column of society.]

Soame Jenyns was born in Great Ormond-Street, London, in the beginning of the year 1704. He was the only son of Sir Roger Jenyns, Knt. of Bottisham-Hall, in Cambridgeshire, descended from the ancient and respectable family of the Jenyns of Churchill, in Somersetshire. He was knighted by king William, January 9, 1693-4. His mother was one of the daughters of Sir Peter Soame, Bart. of Hayden, in the county Essex; a woman of great beauty, and of very amiable manners, and elegant accomplishments.

He received a domestic education, at first under the Rev. Mr. Hill, and afterwards under the Rev. Stephen White.

At the age of seventeen, he was sent to the University of Cambridge, and entered a Fellow Commoner of St. John's College, July 2, 1722, under Dr. Edmonson, at that time one of the principal tutors of the college.

He resided there three years, pursuing his studies with great industry; but left the univer-

sity, as was formerly the usual practice with gentlemen of fortune, without having taken any degree.

From the time he left Cambridge, his residence in winter was in London, and in the summer in the country, in his father's family, as long as he lived.

He early displayed his poetical talents. In 1728, he published The Art of Dancing, a poem in two cantos, inscribed to Lady Fanny Fielding; 1729, he wrote the verses In the Earl of Oxford's Library; in 1730, verses To the Earl of Chesterfield, on his being installed Knight of the Garter; and in 1733, An Epistle to Lord Lovelace. This was followed by the Modern Fine Gentleman, 1746; The Squire and Parson, An Eclogue; The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace Imitated to Lord Hardwicke; To the Hon. Miss Yorke, on her Marriage to Lord Anson, 1748; The Modern Fine Lady, 1750; and several others, which he collected into a volume in 1752.

Soon after his father's death, at the general election, in 1741, he was chosen one of the representatives for the county of Cambridge, and gave his support to Walpole. He represented it again in the parliament of 1747. In that of 1754 he was member for Dunwith, in Suffolk; and in 1761, took his seat for the town of Cambridge, which place he continued to represent so long as he remained in Parliament.

When Moore began 'The World,' in 1753, he gave his assistance, among others, and contributed Nos. 125, 153, 157. 163, and 178.

In 1755, he was appointed one of the Lords of Trade and Plantations; a place which he held during every change of administration, until it was abolished in 1780, when he retired from the business of parliament. He was, in general, an adherent of the minister for the time being, and was an useful, active, and diligent member of the House of Commons, though he shared, as he admitted in one of his poems, no gift of tongue.

In 1757, he published his Free Inquiry into the Origin of Evil, in Six Letters, 8vo. This work excited much attention, and produced several answers; to which he replied, in an additional Preface to the second edition. He is of opinion, that to produce good exclusive of evil, is one of those impossibilities which even Infinite Power cannot accomplish, and that all evils owe their existance solely to the necessity of their own nature; by which he means, that they could not possibly have been prevented without the loss of some superior good. Many evils, he thinks, will unvoidably insinuate themselves, by the natural relations and circumstances of things, into the most perfect system of created beings, even in opposition to the will of an Almighty Creator; by reason that they cannot be excluded without working contradictions, which not being proper subjects of power, it is no diminution of Omnipotence, to affirm that it cannot effect them. Such is the groundwork of his Inquiry, &c. which was reviewed with great severity by Dr. Johnson, in the 'Literary Magazine' for 1757. He took a revenge unworthy of a man of letters, many years after, in a severe Epitaph on Dr. Johnson.

On the publication of Mr. Hawkins Browne's Latin poem, on the 'Immortality of the soul,' in 1752, Jenyns made a translation of it into English, which was published in Dodsley's 'Collection of Poems,' 1758.

In 1756 he published a pamphlet, intituled Short but serious Reasons for a national Militia, 8vo; and to this succeeded several other performances, both in prose and verse, either in defence of Government, or levelled at some persons in opposition to the measures of administration.

In 1761, he published his Miscellaneous Poems, in 2 vols, 8vo, one which contained some political essays.

In 1767, he published a pamphlet, intituled Thoughts on the Cause and Consequence of the High Price of Provisions, 8vo. This high price he attributes principally to the increase of our national debt, and the increase of our riches, that is, to the poverty of the public, and the wealth of private individuals. This pamphlet is replete with very ingenious observations.

In 1776 he published his celebrated work, intituled A View of the Internal Evidence of the christian Religion, 12mo. This publication was very generally read, and commended in terms of the highest praise, by some, whilst it was spoken of in the slightest manner by others. Though he professes and appears to have written it with a laudable design, yet it has provoked censure from the divine and the moralist, and profane sarcasm from the philosopher and sceptic. He is accused of injuring the cause he professed to defend, by diligently relating, and elaborately displaying the strongest objections which have been raised again the Christian religion, while his mode of refuting them is cold, careless, and unsatisfactory. He seems to have defended Christianity upon principles that lead, as persons may be differently disposed, to scepticism, or to enthusiasm.

His plan is comprehended under the following proposition: 1st, That there is now extant, a book intituled the New Testament. 2dly, That from this book may be extracted, a system of religion entirely new, both with regard to the object, and the doctrines, not only infinitely superior to, but unlike every thing which had ever entered into the mind of man. 3dly, That from this book may likewise be collected a system of etchics, in which every moral precept founded on reason is carried to a higher degree of purity and perfection, than in any other of the wisest philosophers of preceding ages; every moral precept founded on false principles is totally omitted, and many new precepts added, peculiarly corresponding with the new object of this religion. Lastly, that such a system of religion and morality could not have been the work of any man, or set of men, much less of those obscure, ignorant, and illiterate persons, who actually did discover and publish it to the world; and that, therefore, it must undoubtedly have been effected by the interposition of Divine Power, that is, that it must derive its origin from God. Under the third proposition, he reckoned valour, patriotism, and friendship, among fictitious virtue, founded on false principles; and he apprehends that however they have been celebrated and admired, they are, in fact, no virtues at all.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Continued.]

Here are no churches, palaces, pictures or cabinets, to arrest or amuse the attention of a stranger. The *Bœotian* Church, of St. Lawrence, has little to exhibit, besides a massy ballustrade of brass, and a few heavy marble pillars, which separates the altar from the nave. From the top of the lofty, but uncouth and clumsy tower, if the traveller is willing to hazard his limbs up a dismal and mean staircase, his curiosity will be gratified, by a distant view of several towns, and much agreeable scenery lying within his very extensive horizon.

The Exchange is a neat building, of free stone, well situated. Its cloisters or piazzas are crowded by one o'clock, and precisely at half past two, a bell rings the merchants off, and whoever stays longer, must pay his guilder—a trait this of Batavian method and punctuality, suitable enough for a country of traders, where economy and thrift are the leading ideas, and considered as even more than minor virtues.

In the principal market place is a statue of Erasmus. He is dressed in a collegiate habit, and makes a very sombre appearance. I could find nothing in the two Latin inscriptions on the different faces of the pedestal, that had enough of point to be worth copying. Sterile sentiments are best clothed in a dead *language*.

They have a very pretty theatre, situated in the westerly suburbs. The house, last evening, in which a company of French actors played a French comedy, was thinly attended, and the performance was contemptible. In one of the boxes, sat two or three elegant and attractive girls. The Dutch ladies, in general, have not much to boast of what is of so much importance to the sex in other countries, face and figure. It is said, however, that they make very good wives and mothers, and divorces are but rarely known. Polished people, in most countries, dress with fancy, if not taste; and some such there are in Holland: but a flat plain cap, clinging to the temples, is the characteristic head dress of the majority of the industrious and decent females of this modest and methodical republic.*

19th November. Employed our morning in examining some of the extraordinary mills that ply their lofty sails in the neighbourhood. We mounted to the top of a grist mill, that was 106 feet high, the arms of which, were 90 feet, and within pistol shot, were two or three others, from 70 to 100 feet in height. These noble machines are built of brick, and a few of stone. They grind from 12 to 20,000 sacks of wheat annually. But no one can have his corn admitted, until he produce to the miller, a permit, certifying that he has paid the tax upon it. The sacks are all of the same size, and contain about 3 bushels, on which the enormous imposition of 5 guilders, or two dollars, is laid. Few countries tax bread corn, and none so heavily. We next viewed a saw mill. They were then at work for the admiralty, and only 12 saws going. But the owner assured us, he could work sixty at once. The mode of fixing and unshipping the saws, is simple. The same axle gives the motion to the one and to the sixty. The water mills, or those which pump the water from the meadows into the canals, are much inferior, both in bulk and materials.

20th. A very fine morning gave us an opportunity, in the *Trechtschuyt*, in which we had taken our passage for the Hague, of viewing the gardens, and pleasant houses, which occasionally present themselves on the sides of this canal. For half a mile on each side without the Delft Gate, where we got into our boat, there is a compact range of very neat houses—a few, elegant. To a lover of natural beauties, nothing can be more disgusting, than Dutch gardening. It seems to be a kind of vegetable distortion. Clipt hedges, and the limbs of the trees tortured into formal shapes, are indicative of the Batavian taste for stiffness and artificial beauties. Busts, and statues, without a fig leaf to shelter a charm

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* The female *multitude* exhibit a singular fondness for looking big, or rather round, especially about the hips. They therefore employ various modes of cloathing, to produce this false protuberance. The English and American ladies, not many years ago, shewed a similar taste. The latter now not content with discarding this preposterous rotundity, have also dismissed the waste, as being too natural, not to be liable to the imputation of vulgarity.

are continually peeping through the groves, or are seen in the attitude of diving into the fish pond.

We were shewn, at Delft, a plain old house, once the palace of the founder of the republic, the first *William*, prince of Orange. This great man was shot in this house in 1584, by an assassin, hired for the villainy, by Philip the second. In the great church, is a most noble monument, dedicated to his memory. This magnificent tomb, is worthy the illustrious hero, whose immortal memory it is intended to consecrate.

Delft is a large town, but derives most of its advantages from the situation of it, being nearly midway between Rotterdam and the Hague, having but little trade of its own.—The Dutch India Company having imported such immense quantities of china, as to bring that ware within the purchase of almost all, the manufactory of an inferior kind of procelain, by which this town was formerly celebrated and enriched, is now in a very declining state. Canals, trees, neat stone bridges, quiet, cleanliness, and good order, designate this place, as not inferior to its neighbours in such particulars.

You travel here by hours, not by miles, and therefore, when you inquire how far off such a town is, they reply, that it is one, two or three hours, instead of three or nine miles. The barges move with so much punctuality and exactitude, and the whole country is so intersected by canals, that this mode of estimating distances, is precise enough, and the stranger soon gets accustomed to the language: We here took another boat, and arrived at the *Hague* at three o'clock.

This very beautiful place, deserves the character which Lord Chesterfield has given it; "That of being the handsomest village in Europe." It is called a village, because it is without walls. It contains forty thousand inhabitants. But if magnificent houses, squares, public walks, broad streets and noble canals, the seat or session of the government, a large garrison, and the residence of the whole diplomatic corps, are any thing in creating a city, this ought to be considered as the first in the Seven Provinces. The Hague is distant about three miles from the German Ocean, and there is a very fine walk through a strait and striking avenue of lofty elms, to the village of Scheveling, which is on the beach at the end of this vista, composed altogether of fishermen. At this little town, you have a boundless view of the North Sea. Nearly on the opposite side of the Hague, is an agreeable outlet, of a mile, extending to the *Maison de Bois*, a pleasant house of the late Stadtholder. But the pictures, and a great part of that Prince's excellent cabinet of natural history, are now to be found only at Paris.

A convention of the Seven United Provinces, sre now in session here, for the purpose of framing a new constitution. The prince having fled, and the old complicated mongrel system being subverted, by the French having overrun the country, it is certainly a favourable time for them, by a consolidation of the different Provinces into one simple and general governmental mass, to erect such a national union of energy and force, as properly administered, may eventually relieve them from that debasement, into which they have certainly fallen. [But more of this hereafter.]

In the course of some political discussion, a Dutch patriot, a little soured with public circumstances, observed that Holland, instead of being the fatted Ox, as France used to call it, ought now to be considered only as the half starved herring, which had slid down the throat of the Leviathan, to escape being devoured.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQUIRE.

[Of an editor so conspicuous as to attract the attention of Dr. *Johnson*, a slight sketch will not be deemed uninteresting, by all who remember that Mr. STEEVENS has been honorably associated with the author of the Rambler, in the office of regulating the text of SHAKSPEARE. Until the year 1765, the plays of this matchless poet, were soiled with age, and blemished by the ignorance of one set of editors, and the *rash dexterity* of another. But they were gems still, and it was reserved for the joint labours of a JOHNSON and STEEVENS, to exhibit them in the fairest light.]

George Steevens was born at Poplar, in the county of Middlesex, in the year 1736. His father, a man of great respectability, was engaged in a business connected with the East India Company, by which he acquired a handsome fortune. Fortunately for his son, and for the public, the clergyman of the place, was Dr. Gloucester Ridley, a man of great literary accomplishments, who is stiled, by Dr. Lowth, *poeta natus*. With this gentleman, an intimacy took place, that united the two families closely together, and, probably, gave the younger branches of each, that taste for literature, which both afterwards ardently cultivated. The first part of Mr. Steevens's education he received under Mr. Woddeson, at Kingston, upon Thames, where he had, for his schoolfellows, George Keate, the poet, and Edward Gibbon, the historian. From this seminary, he removed in 1753, to King's College, Cambridge, and entered there under the tuition of the reverend Dr. Barford. After staying a few years at the university, he left it, without taking a degree, and accepted a commission in the Essex militia, in which service, he continued a few years longer. In 1763, he lost his father, from whom he inherited an ample property, which if he did not lessen, he certainly did not increase. From this period, he seems to have determined on the course of his future life, and devoted himself to literary pursuits; which he followed with unabated vigour, but without any lucrative views, as he never required, or accepted the slightest pecuniary recompense for his labours. His first residence was in the Temple, afterwards at Hampton, and lastly at Hampstead, where he continued near thirty years. In this retreat, his life passed in one unbroken tenor, with scarce any variation, except an occasional visit to Cambridge, walking to London in the morning, six days out of seven, for the sake of health and conversation, and returning home in the afternoon of the same day. By temperance and exercise, he continued healthy and active, until the last two years of his life, and TO THE CONCLUSION OF IT, DID NOT RELAX HIS ATTENTION TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SHAKSPEARE, WHICH WAS THE FIRST OBJECT OF HIS REGARD. He died the twenty-second of January, 1800, and was buried in Poplar Chapel. Hayley says of him that

> His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
> Could fascinate alike the grave or gay.

The admirable author of "The Pursuits of Literature, a work alike memorable for its utility of satire, its copiousness of learning, and its brightness of wit, often takes occasion to commend the subject of this memoir with highly delicate and discriminating praise. In a strain of noble enthusiasm, and elegant compliment, he thus alludes to his early application to the collation of SHAKSPEARE.

> I'll breathe at large etherial air,
> Far from the bar, the senate and the court,
> And in *Avonian* fields with STEEVENS sport
> Whom late from Hampstead, journeying to his book,
> Aurora oft for Cephalus mistook,
> What time he brush'd her dews with hasty pace,
> To meet the Printer's dev'let face to face:
> With dogs black letter'd in the *Stratford* chace,
> Mouth match'd, like bells, yet of confused race.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

Excursion to the Glaciers of Grindenwald.

[Continued.]

WE sent back our horses as soon as we arrived at the top of the Great Scheidegg, and set out on foot to descend the mountain. The walk was none of the pleasantest; for we were knee-deep in snow the greater part of the way, and frequently fell into hollows up to our waists, when we could not trace the right path. Towards the bottom of the mountain, we passed through a very gloomy forest of pines and larches, which seemed a fit place for deeds of horror. As we descended lower, we fell in with a romantic little stream, called the Rheigenbach which bustled along by us with some fury, and formed several pretty cascades among the fragments of rock, that had fallen from the heights, and impeded its course. From a high mountain on our left, we beheld a very beautiful water fall, produced by a small stream, which had wandered to the edge of a tremendous precipice, and from the deep gloom of a pine forest, which skirted it, and precipitated itself in a white sheet, but meeting with a projecting rock about half way in its fall, it broke into a cloud of spray which resembled the white dust of the avalanche. But what pleased us most, and detained us half an hour, to admire it, was a rainbow that appeared on the superior part, which as the sun rose, majestically descended with a variety of colours, that were always changing. We were fortunate in arriving, at the only moment of the day, when such a pleasing sight could be witnessed. From thence, we descended, by a path, among the rocks, absolutely resembling a stair case, till we came to a verdant promontory, where travellers usually stop awhile, to admire the beautiful country of Hasli, which this eminence commands. We were now plagued with the only cloud we had met with, (for the sky had been perfectly serene all the day) which settling round the bosoms of the opposite mountains, prevented us from seeing any thing but their rugged summits, and concealed many of the beauties below it.

We quitted our guide and our bundles, to descend along the broken margin of the Rheigenbach, which forms, at this place, some noble cascades. We crossed the abyss, through which this torrent roared, by a stone bridge, of a single arch, far below which, we saw the foaming of the waters. This bridge was shaded, very prettily, by some old beeches, and was covered with goats. We passed among them, with some little apprehension, as there being no walls, on either side, a push from one of them, would, infallibly, have proved fatal, by overturning us into the gulphs below.

We then pursued the torrent, in all its windings, and into its most secret recesses, often with some personal danger, as we were obliged to descend precipices, and clamber over rocks, with frequently little more to depend upon than the overhanging bough of a tree, or the tufts of grass which grew in the crevices. In this manner, we approached, and beheld scenes, that must forever remain invisible to those who will not expose themselves to the same peril, or take

the same pains, and we were certainly compensated for all we underwent, by the numerous cascades and boiling cauldrons, we found almost shaded from the light of day, by the thick branching of the mountain shrubbery. Often did we meet with grottos, hollowed out by the beating of the waters, which would tempt a Naiad to take up her abode in them; and rocks, which would defy the skill of an artist to imitate, or a poet to describe. As we continued our course, we encountered a precipice, which was much beyond our power to descend, and compelled us to make a circuitous journey to the green turf we saw below us, which, nevertheless, was not attained without many tumbles, rollings and slippings. From this verdant platform, which seemed formed by nature for the purpose, we beheld the grand fall of Rheigenbach, down an amazing steep, which was white with the foam of the cataract. The spray, which rose in clouds, sprinkled all the neighbouring rocks, and incessantly formed long white vapours, which crept up the sides of the mountain.

We were not so soon satisfied with admiring this beautiful cascade, which is one of the finest in Switzerland, and for which we were indebted to the Pastor Wyttenback of Berne, who advised us to cross the Scheidegg, and put into our hands a little printed sketch of the journey, which he had drawn up for the use of travellers. We soon after arrived at the village of Meysingen, which we entered, after crossing the Aar, by a covered wooden bridge.

Meysingen is like all the villages in the vallies, being composed of neat wooden cottages, by roofs, which make an obtuse angle, and project from six to ten feet beyond the walls, serving as a kind of piazza. The gable end is generally made the front, and is often covered with German inscriptions. Instead of a window, they have a chain of windows, with small circular panes of glass, set in lead.

This valley abounds in cascades, which are seen streaming down the mountains in every direction. Many of the hills present the ruin and devastation occasioned by the temporary torrents, formed in the spring, by the melting of the snows, which descending with great violence, tear up in their course, large trees and huge fragments of rock.

As our walk of four leagues from the top of the Scheidegg, with our severe exercise, in descending along the edge of the Rheigenback, had furnished us with good appetites, we took some small refreshment at Meysingen, and again set out on foot for Brientz, where we soon arrived, after a walk of three leagues, along the flat banks of the Aar. This was a day's journey of twenty miles at least, besides our ride to the top of the Great Scheidegg, which was at least six leagues more.

It is a curious fact, that a pedestrian can travel farther, and with less fatigue, in a mountainous country, than in a level one. I can vouch for this from experience, and I believe it is produced by the continual change in the position of the muscles, which, by this means, relieve each other, whereas in a plain, the same muscles are constantly in tension, and of course, are sooner fatigued. Besides, the keenness of a mountain air, and the grand objects which constantly engage the attention, in such countries as Switzerland, exhilerate the spirits, and enable a traveller to undergo fatigues, which would bear him down in less interesting countries.

The little village or town of Brientz, is placed at the head of the lake of the same name, at the place where the Aar enters it. We found nothing there worth observation; and at day break, the following morning, embarked on the lake, in a little shell of a boat, rowed by one man and *two women*. This you will think somewhat curious: however, they performed very well, and were so merry, that I scarcely remember ever to have been so much entertained. We breakfasted, during the voyage, on some honey, cheese, bread, wine and *cherry spirit*, which we had brought with us, very heartily. This spirit, (called in Europe Kirchewasser) is the famous drink of Switzerland, and I recollect seeing it used at Paris, and in Holland, as a *liqueur*. We shared our provisions with our rowers, whom we relieved, by turns, and finding a spare oar on board, I made use of it, so well, for two leagues and an half, as drew upon me the *applauses* of my female companions.

The lake of Brientz, is about three leagues long, and bounded, on all sides, by high land. Unluckily for us, the morning was very misty, and the heavy clouds rose no higher than midway; the mountains, which in consequence, appeared all of the same elevation. This often produced strange appearances; particularly when a water fall had its head above the line, when it appeared as if descending from the clouds.

There are some pretty views of castles, towns, and villages, all along this lake, but we saw them to a disadvantage. In a fine day, the prospects must be delightful, particularly towards Grindenwald, whose glaciers and pointed mountains, would be distinguished above every thing else.

We landed at Interlachen, from whence we had departed, and walked to the *Maison Neufre*, where a boat, we had previously engaged, waited for us: a few hours rowing, on the lake of Thun, brought us to the inn of our loquacious landlord, where we found a carriage ready, that brought us last night to Berne, much to his regret, as he promised himself another fleecing of his *good friends* the American travellers.

We have been engaged to day in visiting our friends, and seeing public institutions. The library is fitted up, I think, with too much elegance. The collection of books amounts to 60,000 volumes: many of them are the donations of English travellers and foreign public officers, who have made Berne their residence for any time.

The library also contains some large bass reliefs, (in the manner of general Pfiffer's, at Lucerne) of the country, which are valuable and useful to the Canton. There are also several Roman antiquities, which have been dug up in the neighbourhood.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Here am I, FOR THOU DID'ST CALL ME."

With a voice, O public, so finely modulated, so gratefully soothing to the ear of an ambitious author, that he hearkens to the summons, and is actually indicting a sermon, apologetical for absence from his lay-stall, and for his negligence of the flock.

But who is there among the sons of men, of such self-denying humour, that will not, sometimes, flee from confinement to breathe a little fresh air, and ramble, yea *run*, a moment, from the drudgery of methodized life?

The clergyman, fatigued with Flavel, and panting under the annual load of heavy sermons, asks from the parish a respite; and, as he cheerily urges his pacer, plodding and slow, like his owner, sings, instead of David's psalms, a hymn to the * Goddess of leisure.

The lawyer choked with the dust of courts, and deafened by the gibberish of the laws, canters from the circuit; and, placid at his desk, suffers not a plea in bar to obstruct the current of his yawning humour.

The doctor too and merchant in, gaping hours, scorn the recipe and the invoice, and idly dream of subjects more pleasant than subjects consumption, or subjects commercial.

If, therefore, the dignitaries of the church, the Dons in the state, and "the *great oneyers" of the mart thus frolick during the holidays of indolence, many circumstances may, at any stage of his course, command a Lay Preacher to rest from his labour. Like a bishop, HORSELEY, or PORTEUS, he is not invested with holy lawn to inspire awe in the vulgar, nor, like those illustrious prelates, is he brilliant and learned to excite the admiration of the wise. When he reflects on the obscurity of his station, and the simplicity of his lessons, he perceives without wonder, the paucity of his disciples. Moreover, within that narrow circle, which may be justly denominated my listening parishoners; *Who hath believed our report?* Neither by smiles nor by frowns, neither by grave, precepts, nor merry allusion, has the Lay Preacher driven the rake from his mistress, or the reveller from his wine. Men persevere in tracing the path, which Passion has chosen, or Habit has worn smooth, and the monitory sermon if read, is soon forgotten.

To those, who from the intimacy, or partiality of friendship, are anxious that my weekly advice should still be given, and to the public, who have condescended once or twice to ask for me, I will narrate the private motives, which persuade, or compel me occasionally to be silent.

In the first place, I honestly declare, with wonted frankness, that many *evil* spirits often have dominion over my mind, and that Indolence, Spleen, and Ill-humour, are too frequently suffered to lock up my quills, and overset my inkhorn.

Like a venerable predecessor, I am sometimes the victim of "weariness and painfulness, and watchings," all which are unfriendly to preaching; nor do I believe the archbishop of Canterbury himself, could indite a Pastoral Letter, or make a Visitation Charge successfully, under such unfavourable circumstances.

He, who resolves to speculate, flies, in conformity to the suggestion of HORACE, to the grove; and, in a lonely situation, converses with few, besides his books and himself. But if an author keep no other company, he will not be long qualified to give interest and novelty to his researches. Every line will savour of the lamp, and every page will be mouldy with the damp air of a monkish cell. Hence, to write what the world will cheerfully read, it is absolutely necessary for a Man of Letters to obey the advice of the poet Green, and make

> "Trips through the TOWN, life to amuse,
> "To purchase books, and hear the news
> "To see old friends, brush off the clown,
> "And quicken taste."

Unless he occasionally wander through a great city, and forsake his closet, for a saunter in "Vanity Fair," how could a Lay Preacher correctly describe, or justly censure fashionable follies and the blameful luxury of a Capital? To ridicule, with point and effect, the fantastic foppery of dress, one must actually look across the street, or through the coffee house, and mark the peacock beau "expanding his gayest plumage." To laugh judiciously, at gowns without a waist, or petticoats either transparent or scanty,

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* The *Vacuna* of the ancients.

* SHAKSPEARE.

a satiric writer must often gaze at the daughters of fashion, and go, one morning, with giggling girls, to that great band box of millinery, the shop of Miss *Chrystal*. How could a recluse author know his *right shoe* from his *left*, unless he had frequent conferences with *Bedford*, that modish disciple of St. Crispin, and how, without the lessons of a *Tiffin* or a *Freeman*, could he describe a *Yeoman* crown, or the vast circumference of a *Chapeau bras*?

Now, it scarcely from these premises, need be inferred, that to gather materials for composition, is the work of one day, and to put them into form, is reserved to the next. It is unreasonable to expect that an essayist should be seen with a pen constantly in his hand. His effusions would become wretchedly trite, if he were not permitted to go abroad, searching for some new object, or some new face, to serve as fresh topics for speculation. While I am mingling in the crowd of High-street, lounging in booksellers' shops, listening to the song of glee, laughing with the jocund friend, arguing with politicians, against democracy, or chatting with sensible women, round a supper table, I am, in fact, composing Lay Preachers. The process, though invisible, still continues. I enter hints in my note book, though perhaps I may not expand them in the Port Folio; and keep, for future use, the fruit of my observations, as my tender and prudent mother used to store for me, autumnal apples, to bless my infant palate, in the distant spring time.

But, though for a season, the Lay Preacher's desk has been shut, yet his books have been open, and his thoughts awake. Having seen some novel objects, and read many curious tomes in the course of his vacation, perhaps he is qualified to resume his labours, with some degree of spirit. Through many a pensive eve, he meditates the substantial good of society; and peruses many a heavy book, with a view, by studious chemistry, to extract some essence, to relieve the spirits of his readers. At any rate, as this mode of writing is approved, by those, whom it is his ardent wish to please, he is determined to lay aside every weight of interest, which might bias him to more gainful occupations; to lay aside that sin of indolence, which doth so easily beset an invalid, and an author, and to run with patience the race that is set before him. He looks for recompense, not to the favour of the populace, but to the kindnes of the Few; and while he expresses honest thoughts in simple diction, and "strives for the mastery" over Folly and Vice, he is confident of the courteous salutations of his brethren, *especially such as be of Cæsar's household.*

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The author of the Pursuits of Literature, whose judgment and taste are sufficient to stamp value on any whom he chooses to commend, thus honourably distinguishes the last editor of Shakspeare—"Iaac Reed, Esq. editor of Dodsley's Old Plays, lately republished. is a gentleman of learning, information, and ingenuity, and greatly respected. I mention him with very particular pleasure." In his poem he very playfully alludes to this industrious and useful editor.

——"The grave laborious *Reed*,
Friend to most traders in researches quaint,
Laymen or priest, the sinner or the saint;
Farmer he loves, and Steevens will receive,
Though not *Mie Masterre* Ireland by your leave.

—

Among the numerous poetical praises of the muse of Shakspeare, the following not generally known, is among the first both for the propriety of the sentiment, and the dignity and vigour of the expression.

Give me the *soul* that breathes in Shakspeare's page,
Strength from within, the unresisted rage,
The thought that stretch'd beyond creation's bound,
And in the flaming walls no barrier found,
The PEN HE DIPT IN MIND; I'll hush to rest
The little tumults of a critic's breast.
Eternal verdure bloom in Shakspeare's grove,
Where led by light from heaven, he oft would rove
In solitude and social silence blest;
And in the musings of his mighty breast,
All as he scann'd the volume of the past,
O'er Greece and Rome one wishful glance would cast;
"Mourn not," pleas'd Nature cried, "their sounds unknown,
My universal language is your own."

—

Goldsmith, in his natural history, pleasantly remarks; because the female bat has two nipples on the breast, and those prominent, as in the human kind, Linnæus has absurdly given this contemptible animal the title of a *Primas*, and ranked it with man. Such arbitrary associations, produce ridicule, rather than instruction, and render even method contemptible.

—

In the city of London, every morning supplies the inquisitive with eight papers; every evening, with three, besides others, on various days of the week; and on Sunday morning, on the tables of every coffee house of note, are to be found, all the daily papers. The Chapter coffee house, in Paternoster Row, near St. Paul's, has a very agreeable and useful institution, especially to strangers. All the best periodical works, reviews, magazines, annual registers, &c. lie on the tables, for the general use of the coffee room, together with the popular temporary publications; and a large library is open to every one, who frequents the house, at the yearly subscription of one shilling. All the country newspapers are also regularly filed at this house. Another coffee house deserves to be noticed, for its singular, and complete utility, as to newspapers; this is Peele's, in Fleet street, where is to be found, *every newspaper published in the various towns and counties of England*, Ireland *and Scotland*. Persons, who do not chuse to take refreshment, pay threepence, at Peale's, for reading. There are several coffee houses near the Royal Exchange, in which are to be found, the *American*, German, and French papers. At the west end of the town, are booksellers' shops, particularly *Debrett's*, *Stockdale's* and *Ginger's*, Picadilly; *Ridgway's*, York-strret. St. James's Square; the *Hookham's* in Old and New Bond-street; *Earle's*, Albemarle-street, and *Lloyd's*, Harley-street, furnished with all the newspapers, and much frequented, about the middle of the day, by fashionable people, and used as lounging places for political and literary conversation.

—

In the ensuing lines, the poetical reader will recognize a very tolerable parody of part of Satan's address to the Sun, and of Cato's Soliloquy.

Oh, ye, that now with strength superior crown'd
Look from the nail supporting, like the best
Of all the cupboard; at whose sight my shoes
Hide their diminish'd head! to you I call,
But with no fawning voice, and add your name
O boots! to tell you, how I'll use your strength
That brings to my remembrance what support
Ye were; what firm defence against each stone
Projecting craggy, or more dread annoy,
Minute of gravel; or the hateful herb
Of venom multifold, and thorns and furze,
Till time and worse occasion wore ye down.
Well tried, well worn, ye were; and many a mile
Adventurous, on adventure doughty frought
Ye bore my feet fatigued; till time and toil
Mordacious brought ye low; nor did not then
This careful eye perceive nor hand attempt
To stay the coming ill, if ought could stay
The approach of aged ill. Full many a nail
Obdurate with ferrean head and point
Of sharpest texture, has for many a day,
Driven by this hand, withstood the grinding rage
Of rocks and roads; though now with glossy sole
Ye shine resplendent, and the cobler's hand
With scientific skill has stopped each leak,
Where erst the chilly waters found a way,
Not to the foot alluring; yet again
If fail not *understanding*, ye shall prove
Each various peril; or in stirrup plac'd
Equestrian, or more humble walk at noon
When wealthy wights shall mount the pampered steed
And give the guiding rein; for not to me,
For not to me, in stall well spread and straw'd
Stands the apt courser: No, my boots,—these feet,
These *Decemdigitipedum* must still
On many a furze-fill'd heath and ragged rock
Annoyant, bear me far with your support.
Through what variety of untried walks,
Through what new scenes and countries must we pass,
The wide the unbounded prospect lies before us,
But vapours, fogs, and tempests rest upon it,
Here will I pause—if there's a walk in store—
And that there is all nature cries aloud
In all her charms—it somewhere sure must lead us,
And that, whereto it leads us shall be pleasant;
But when, or where, or why, or how it shall be
I'm weary of conjecture—This must end them.

—

Sonnet, written on passing by moonlight through a village, while the ground was covered with snow.

While thus I wander cheerless and unblest,
And find in change of place but change of pain;
In tranquil sleep the village labourers rest,
And taste that quiet I pursue in vain!
Hush'd is the hamlet now, and faintly gleam
The dying embers, from the casement low
Of the thatch'd cottage; while the moon's wan beam
Lends a new lustre to the dazzling snow.
On the cold waste, amid the freezing night,
Scarce heeding whither desolate I stray;
For me, pale eye of evening, thy soft light
Leads to no happy home; my weary way
Ends but in sad vicissitude of care,
I only fly from doubt to meet despair.

—

Sonnet, written in an Alcove, where Thomson composed his Seasons.

Aerial spirits, who forsook yon sky,
To whisper charmed sounds in Thomson's ear,
Or, shaded from the ken of grosser eye,
Did to the bard in holy trance appear.
Still grace the sacred grove which once was dear,
On every leaf enweave a druid spell,
And say to the profane, should such come near,
Here did the woodland pilgrim form his cell;
The priest of nature here his temple plac'd
And rais'd the incense of his song on high;
With sylvan honours was his altar grac'd,
His harp was tun'd to heavenly psalmistry:
Here did he pour to Nature's God the strain—
And, should you scorn the worship, shun the fane.

—

The following whimsical thought occurs in a volume of fanciful poems.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis:
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite.
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull.
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor inward woman from without—
(Though ma'am you *smile*, as if in doubt),
I think, twere well, if nature could,
And nature could, if nature would,
Some pretty short description write
On tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throttles,
Like labels upon physic bottles.

The following impassioned lines, were written in 1776, by an Anglo American, anxious for the safety of two countries, who ought ever to be linked in bonds indissoluble.

HORACE. Book V. Ode VII: Imitated.

Say, Britons, what wild frenzy draws
Your dreaded swords in impious war:
Sprung from one parent, what dire cause
Prompts your misjudging breasts the horrid fight to dare?
Has not enough of British blood
Been spilt on Canada's wild plain?
Have you not there, as brothers, stood,
To check the haughty foe's presumptuous reign?
No more your swords from faithless Gaul,
Reap glorious harvests of renown;
No more on Spain your thunders fall,
But Britons lie, by Britons hands overthrown:
France triumphs in the fatal tale;
And Spain exulting, views with joy,
Mad faction's hellborn arts prevail,
That every wholsome law, once friendship's bands, destroy.
Tygers than you are gentler far;
On other beasts they only prey:
But you with brothers wage the war,
And rend with impious hand, the tender ties away.
O Britons! Brethren! calm your rage,
Nor with mad hands, in scenes of blood
Like senseless savages, engage:
But know yourselves, and know each country's good.
Let peace her olive branch extend,
And chase wild discord from the plain,
Bid sons to gentle parents bend,
And once again unite, and great in freedom reign.

—

The following sweet lines to Content, will remind the poetical reader of CUNNINGHAM's beautiful ballad.

O'er the wild heath, at early dawn,
I trace thy foot-steps, gentle power!
At noon, retiring from the lawn,
I seek thee in the shadowy bower.

When chilling blasts and nightly dews
Warn me to quit the drooping grove,
I woo thee to inspire the muse,
Or bless the hours of social love.

And while our offspring void of guile,
Around in sportive frolics join;
I watch'd the fond maternal smile
Of *her* whose every joy is mine.

Ah! sweet Contentment; heavenly maid,
Wilt thou not hear thy votary's prayer,
Nor the gay sports, nor silent shade,
Nor soft domestic pleasures share.

Vain were the hope: true love disdains
The joys that reach itself alone:
It saddens at another's pains,
It glows with rapture not its own.

As the pale orb of Cynthia throws
Its borrow'd lustre o'er the night,
My soul no native transport knows,
It shines but with reflected light.

Come then, dear Goddess, fix thy reign
In my lov'd Celia's gentle breast;
Chase anxious care, quell murmuring pain,
And, blessing her, preserve me blest.

—

On a dull Divine who preached up "Patience."

The use of "patience" Somnolus explains,
In tedious, torpid, sleep seducing strains;
And sure his hearers edified must be
Who learn the *practice* with the *theory*.

—

A QUERY.

Ben says the rudest grossest things,
Then swears he never thought to teaze you:
But, Ben, was Ralph to kick your shins,
Would you believe he meant to please you?

It is one of the peculiar privileges of the poet to exalt the low, and to dignify the little. Without the magic aid of fancy and of verse, one would suppose that an insect, so apparently contemptible as a grashopper, never could glitter splendidly, when exhibited by the virtuosi of literature. But a grashopper has had its poet. Anacreon has advanced this humble inhabitant of the meadows to a station, so lofty, that we are astonished, and so happy, that we almost envy the ephemeron. Such is the creative, such the plastic power of GENIUS, the immortal mind, that of the meanest materials it can frame the most admirable structure.

ODE TO THE CICADA.

O thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect that delights to rest
Upon the wild woods leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee!
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain.
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes, and the revere;
The muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own.
'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
Tis he, who tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by ages dim decline
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine,
Melodious insect! child of earth!
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So bless'd an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seemst—a little deity.

In an epigram of Antipater from the first book of the Anthologia, the grashopper is preferred to the swan.

In dew that drops from morning's wings,
The gay Cicada sipping floats;
And, drunk with dew, his matin sings
Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

—

Epigram on a Fellow of Trinity College, who was celebrated for having a very large nose, and for writing bad verses.

Our Charles, not a poet,
Why how can you say so?
For if he's *no Ovid*,
I'm sure he's a *Naso*.

—

JOHANNIS SECUNDUS BASIUM III.

Desideratum irritatum, vel os fugitivum.

Da mihi suaviolum, dicebam, blanda puella,
Libasti labris mox mea labra tuis.
Inde, velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
Ora repente meo vellis ab ore procul.
Non hoc suaviolum est dare, lux mea, sed dare tantum
Est desiderium flebile suavioli.

TRANSLATION.

One honey'd kiss, sweet wench, I cried,
And quick as thought, thy lips complied;
But swift, as there some serpent lay,
Those swelling lips, thou took'st away;
Ah, call not this a kiss—'twas none,
And only makes me long for one.

—

MORAL ARITHMETIC.

Flam to my face is often kind,
He overrates my worth and talents;
But then he never fails, I find,
When we're apart, to strike the balance.

Every reader of history and Hume, must remember the gallant exploits of the Marquis of Montrose, who, mindful of his duty to his country, and CHARLES I. employed his *courage and care* against that accursed herd, who *fanatic* alike in politics and religion, madly strove to ruin England, by the infamous experiment of *Conventicles* and a *Commonwealth*. Indignant at the last atrocity of these barbarians, this accomplished Cavalier, and Mirror of bravery, composed the following noble lines:

Upon the Death of Charles I. Written *with the point of his sword*, by James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.

Great, good and just! could I but sate
My grief by thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
As it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud tongu'd blood demands supplies
More from Briareus *hands*, than Argus eyes,
I'll sing thee obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy Epitaph in blood and wounds.

—

EPIGRAM

On the death of a Dr. Evans, who, like the "egregious Moore," satirized by Arbuthnot and Pope, was famous for the destruction of worms.

Evans, of worm destroying note,
With little folks, who need 'em,
Has all his life been *poisoning* worms,
And now's consign'd to *feed* 'em.

Thus 'twixt our doctor and his foes,
Accounts are pretty trim;
For many years he liv'd *by those*,
And now they live *on him*.

—

AN APPEAL, QUID PRO QUO.

When last we met, I heard from Will,
That all his friends had us'd him ill;
Now by his friends both great and lesser,
I'm told that Will was the aggressor—
How in this case, must judgment run,
For *many* plaintiffs, or for *one*?

—

To a very discreet Lady, with a present of a steel vice.

Chloe so exquisite a maid is,
In word and deed so wondrous nice,
To be on par with other ladies
She surely wants a *little vice*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We always wish to hail courteously, infant genius, but "an *embryo* Bard" we are apprehensive will never arrive at maturity.

"C's" attempt is crude and superficial; though we imagine he might succeed upon less abstruse subjects.

The hints of "B." will not be forgotten.

Many of our readers would be made completely *miserable*, if they should be doomed for a moment to listen to the "Verses of a *happy man*."

"Tell Truth," for ought we know, may state a matter of fact, but a Franklin, or some other sage, has said the truth is not to be spoken at all times.

"*Nobody*" is not guilty of a *misnomer*.

"The Reverie" is too personal and acrimonious. It does not display the profound knowledge of the human heart, and that dignity of satire which are so conspicuous in the ingenious work of the same name from the author of "The Adventures of a Guinea."

The profound disquisition on the eloquence, of Demosthenes, we hope will persuade the young men in our classical seminaries, not to satisfy themselves with the English versions merely, but to repair to the Greek fountain. Juvat integros accedere fontes.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The season of sleighing is past, and the belles and beaux of your city must endure the rumbling of wheels for nine long months to come. Perhaps, however, they may still have some relish for a rhyme or two upon their favourite amusement, and the following, though written in a different part of the country, will serve pretty well, (as the almanac makers say) for the meridian of Philadelphia.

TANDEM.

A SLEIGHING SONG.

When calm is the night, and the stars shine bright,
The sleigh glides smooth and cheerily;
And mirth and jest abound,
While all is still around,
Save the horses' trampling sound,
And the horse-bells tinkling merrily.

But when the drifting snow in the trav'ler's face shall blow,
And hail is driving drearily,
And the wind is shrill and loud,
Then no sleigh shall stir abroad,
Nor along the beaten road
Shall the horse-bells tinkle merrily.

But to-night the skies are clear, and we have not to fear
That the time should linger wearily;
For good humour has a charm
Even winter to disarm,
And our cloaks shall wrap us warm,
And the bells shall tinkle merrily.

And whom do I spy, with the sparkling eye,
And lips that pout so *cherrily;
Round her neck the tippet tied,
Ready in the sleigh to glide?—
Oh! with her I love to ride,
When the horse-bells tinkle merrily!

SELECTED POETRY.

Miss Seward has addressed the following to the poet Hayley.

Horace, Book IV. Ode 7. Imitated.

The snows dissolve, the rains no more pollute,
Green are the sloping fields, and uplands wide,
And green the trees luxuriant tresses shoot,
And, in their daisied banks, the shrinking rivers glide.

Beauty and Love the blisful change have hail'd,
While, in smooth mazes o'er the painted mead
Aglaia ventures, with her limbs unveil'd,
Light through the dance each sister Grace to lead.

But, O! reflect, that sport and beauty wing
The unpausing hour—if winter, cold and pale,
Flies from the soft and violet mantled spring
Summer, with sultry breath, absorbs the vernal gale.

Reflect that summer glories pass away
When mellow autumn shakes her golden sheaves;
While she, as winter reassumes his sway,
Speeds with disorder'd vest thro' rustling leaves.

But a short space the moon illumes the skies;
Yet she repairs her wanings and again
Silvers the vault of night; but no supplies,
To feed their wasting fires, the lamps of life obtain.

[An interesting quality in the writings of Horace arises from his intimate knowledge of human life. There are, perhaps, even in his lyric poetry, more striking sentiments on the subject of morality, more aphorisms, that are remembered and quoted, than any poet, excepting Shakspeare, can produce. Even the fashionable philosophy of his age, which, as usually applied, subverted every generous principle, seems not to have warped his mind from the true interests of society; on every serious occasion it gives place to its severer rival, stoicism, or unites with it in promoting the real welfare of mankind. The following ode, in which the poet complains of the perfidy of Neæra, his mistress, is full of passion, and, from its simplicity, appears to come from the heart.]

'Twas night: serenely on her azure throne,
'Mid lesser stars bright Luna shone,
When thou, regardless of the powers above,
Did'st swear the oath prescrib'd by Love;
And, closely twin'd, as ivy clasps the oak
In fond embrace, the gods invoke,
That 'long as wolves infest the herds, or rise
Orion's storms in wintry skies,
Or wave Apollo's ringlets in the gale,
Ne'er should our mutual passion fail.'
But soon, Neæra, grief shall rend thy heart
If once I act the manly part,
Nor bear that rivals should enjoy thy charms,
But seek some kinder damsel's arms.
And know, should once a fixt resentment seize,
No more thy hated form shall please;
But thou, who e'er with vain triumphant boast,
Enjoyest the fickle maid I lost,
Though ample herds, rich harvests swell thy pride,
Pactolus pour his golden tide,
The secrets of the twice-born sage* be thine,
Thy form more bright than Nireus shine,
Soon shall her alter'd love call forth thy tear,
'Twill then be mine to scoff and jeer.

[A song, tender and delicate, like the following, one would hardly expect to glean from the grotesque works of Charles Cotton, who, like a Flemish painter, delights in the low and the burlesque. But if he has travestied Virgil, or jested with Scarron, he appears, on this occasion, to be serious in his address to some beauty of his time, whose sorrow might be mitigated by such refined compliment.]

LAURA WEEPING.

Chaste, lovely Laura, 'gan disclose
Drooping with sorrow from her bed;
As with ungentle showers the rose,
O'ercharg'd with wet, declines her head.

With a dejected look and pale,
Neglectingly she 'gan appear;
When, meeting with her tell-tale glass,
She saw the face of sorrow there.

Sweet Sorrow, drest in such a look,
As Love would trick to catch Desire,
A shaded leaf in beauty's book,
Character'd with clandestine fire.

Then a full shower of pearly dew
Upon her snowy breast 'gan fall,
As in due homage to bestrew
Or mourn her beauty's funeral.

Spare, Laura, spare those beauty's twins,
Do not our world of beauty drown,
Thy tears are balm for others sins,
Thou knowst not any of thine own.

SONNET.

Pensive alone I walk the desert wilds,
Pacing the earth with slow and sluggish step,
Avoiding watchfully all human haunts;
Intently vigilant with speed to shun
The saucy stare, and preying eyes of man.
For, long of gay and cheerful thought bereft,
My form betrays the inward fire that fades me;
And Fancy whispers that the hills and plains,
Rivers and forests, know, tho' deep conceal'd,
The vapid tenor of my weary life;
Yet no retreat so rugged or so wild
In all my devious wanderings do I find
Where Love does not incessantly approach
Conversing still with me, and I with him.

[In Ellis's Specimens of Early English Poetry, we find the following curious acrostic upon Queen Elizabeth. In the Port Folio we should scarcely insert an acrostic, were it not the production of a genuine poet.]

BY SIR JOHN DAVIS.

Early cheerful mountain lark,
Light's gentle usher, morning's clerk,*
In merry notes delighting;
Stint awhile thy song, and hark
And learn my new inditing.

Bear up this hymn to heaven it bear,
E'en up to heaven, and sing it there,
To heaven each morning bear it;
Have it set to some sweet sphere,
And let the angels hear it.

Renown'd Astrea, that great name,
Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath so renown'd it,
It is Astraea's name I praise;
Now then, sweet lark, do thou it raise,
And in high heaven resound it.

Lines to the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, who had erected a seat with inscriptions to the memory of the poet Thomson, the ancient possessor of her house at Hampstead.

To trace great nature's universal sway
With Beauty's charms to blend the moral lay,
Vain were the toil, unless, supremely grac'd,
Enraptur'd Fancy find congenial taste.
Thus, when inspir'd by THOMSON'S magic power,
Your gen'rous zeal adorns his once lov'd bower,
The votive tablet, and the sculptur'd stone,
Record his Genius and display your own.

EPIGRAM ON A MISER.

They call thee rich, I deem thee poor,
Since, if thou dar'st not use thy store,
But sav'st it only for thy heirs,
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

---

* Shall this word be admitted into the English language? Those who are of opinion that it ought to be so, will say 'aye.' All the ladies vote in the affirmative; therefore, Mr. President Oldschool, do not put your negative upon it.

* Pythagoras.

* Shakspeare says, in his song in Love's Labour Lost, 'And merry larks are *ploughmens clocks*.' E.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.